

IMPRESSIONS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Editor of the Virginian-Pilot:

Some persons visiting the Exposition Universelle of 1889 have essayed to discount its magnificent ensemble by sundry comparisons with the World's Fair of 1893. Truly are there times when comparisons are odious, and in this instance may be singularly unfair to either of these grand international events, each of which enjoys a uniqueness peculiarly its own. The White City, sublime in outline and perfect in detail, pretended to be only an ephemeral erection, springing forth like an exhalation, howbeit, revealing the wondrous night of the western hills, the breath and light and grandeur of the western sky.

On the contrary, many of the structures of the present exposition have been seven years in course of erection, and, like the Eiffel tower, have come to stay, to gladden other generations with their enduring sublimity without and resplendent treasure within. After all the French Exposition of 1889 was not conceived in a spirit of rivalry. An invitation was not only issued by the republic of France to her sister republic over the sea, but to all the nations of the earth, to unite in an event that should be a landmark in history, a fitting chronicle to mark the division between the expiring century and the young millennium.

In the midst of such a wilderness of wonders one hardly knows, in the limit of a single day, let alone a single end in order to give an adequate idea. The exhibition may be said to be formed of two general quadrilaterals of such mammoth proportions as to each span the river Seine; the one containing the grand and petit palaces, the Alexander bridge and the superb industrial palaces of the Esplanade des Invalides; the other extending from the Palais Trocadero to the grand series of pavilions, the Grand Palais, the Champ de Mars, onward to the Chateau d'Eau, the great Salle des Fêtes and Military School.

Always liking that which is in a progressive series, I have thought myself fortunate in having first approached the fair from the Place de Trocadero. The palace of this name, built of solid masonry, is one of the substantial structures of the Exposition, and of a circular pile, with two lofty towers and semi-circular wings on either side, the one devoted to antique and Oriental art, the other to ecclesiastical sculpture representative of the great cathedrals of France and Belgium. The palace is fronted by an entrancing cascade, surrounded by colossal groups of sculpture and gardens of roses.

Looking from its elevated balconies toward the Forest of St. Germain, the Trocadero is lined on either side with the picturesque pavilions of the French colonies, and the smaller States of the Orient; the buildings of Madagascar, Algeria, Tunis and the grotesque temples of China and the French Indies being especially conspicuous.

Ascending the famous Eiffel tower the panoramic view of the exposition grounds, and of all Paris, is bewilderingly magnificent. Immediately beneath is the Jardin de la Tour Eiffel. Stretching beyond to the Chateau d'Eau, with its sublime porte and frontage of fountains, lies the promenade and gardens of the Champ de Mars, lined on either side by the most spacious buildings of the fair, united at the farther end of the Grand Hall of Nations. Here upon the right is the Palace of Forests, the Palace of Letters, Sciences and Arts, each with its imposing porte monumentale. Upon the left, touching the waters of the Seine, the Palace of Navigation and Commerce, with its curious models of every known craft since time began; the Palace of Metallurgy and Mines, with its marvelous modern machines, containing with the Palace des Ets, devoted to the grandest display of furs, textiles and vestments the world has ever before seen.

Traversing the Seine from the Pont d'Iena to the Pont des Invalides we have on the left bank a panorama of old Paris, followed by the extensive exhibits of horticulture and arboriculture, and on the right bank the army and navy group, followed by the varied and beautiful pavilions of foreign nations, prominent among which is that of the United States.

But we have not yet reached the chief d'œuvre, the crowning glory of the exposition. It was reserved for Mr. Alfred Picard, chief commissioner of the fair for France, and the supreme genius of it all, to associate a group of structures perhaps never surpassed for architectural harmony and beauty. Starting from the Place de la Concorde, itself one of earth's historic spots, we first approach the memorial entrance of the fair, a striking pile, so designed that 40,000 persons may pass through its portals in one hour. Moving through entrancing gardens of flowers, shrubs, monuments and statuary we suddenly come upon two palaces, the Grand and the Petit, as superb as though summoned by the enchanter's wand, built of white marble, each facing the other on the avenue Nicolas, and bounded by the fine avenues and gardens of La Reine, the Avenue des Champs Elysees. The facade of the Grand Palace is in the Roman style, with suggestions of the magnificent Versailles. Both structures are devoted to the fine arts, including tapestries, portraiture, antique wood-carving and jewels of the monarchy and empire, and the priceless collections were fascinating beyond description.

Continuing, we stand before the superb pillars of the Alexander bridge, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Czar of Russia, and the glory of which constitutes this unique ensemble. It crosses the Seine with a single span, and opens the way to another scene of splendor, the Esplanade des Invalides. Here we have harmoniously grouped the Palace of the Esplanade and the Palace of Diversified Industries, terminating in the distance with the Hotel des Invalides, with its lofty dome piercing the central sky.

Space will not permit even a glance at the endless exhibits and their tasteful decorations. And these are alone furnished by the United States, covering 338,957 square feet of space, being a vast excess over any other nation at the fair excepting France. It moreover makes an American proud to be an American to wander through the avenues in these closing days of the exposition and witness the large number of cards marked "Medaille d'Or" and "Grand Prix" awarded to our countrymen in every department of the arts and sciences.

As was to be expected the special features of the fair are very numerous and highly instructive. The panoramic Trans-Siberian train (in the Russian pavilion), from Moscow to Peking; the stereorama-montant, illustrating

by moving pictures a Mediterranean voyage to Algeria; Marchand's panorama, finely showing that explorer's travels in equatorial Africa. Then here is the ever wonderful Eiffel tower, a French Ferris wheel, and the novelty of a rotary platform, where you can take a seat and make the entire circuit of the fair grounds without moving a muscle.

The curious, the picturesque, the unexpected, are everywhere in evidence. Wonderfully grotesque statues of deities in the temples of Chino-India; an aquarian showing the strange life of European waters; living processions, in costume, of the natives of Egypt and the Sudan, Australia, and the South Sea Islands; Swiss cottages clinging to crags in the Alps; a statue of solid gold of our countrywoman, Miss Maude Adams, valued at one million francs; a pagoda made of jars of olives; a Moscow chapel in ceremonies; the picturesque homes and strange processes of the wine-makers of France; Italy's gorgeous palaces and her charming gorges and lakes; a drawing room taken from a Venetian palazzo; Spain's striking Moorish pavilion; an embroidered and gilded stone, and a varied tri-colored tile, echoes of the olden Alhambra and the alcazar; the "Jubilée," the largest diamond in the world, from Jagersfontein, South Africa, weighing 239 carats.

Everywhere the accomplishment of the impossible; a maze of wonders and world-famous treasures. Dreams in marble and bronze. Dreams in canvas! Dreams in pictured tapestries! Dreams in wood-carving and fanciful mosaics! Dreams in colored and gilded glass! Dreams in lace, tulle and embroidery! Dreams in falence, ceramics and terra cotta! Dreams in gilded furniture and artificial upholstery! Dreams in jewels and precious stones! and in fashions so various as to exhaust the imagination.

Finally, Le Grand Lunette, the new giant French telescope, whose disk is seventy feet in diameter, which is now giving us an undreamed of revelation of the heavens, and which may justly be regarded as one of the supreme triumphs of the dying century.

In conclusion, I failed not to re-visit the exhibition grounds on the night of October 15th to witness the Fete du Vin. One might easily have imagined himself in fairyland. The innumerable lamps of the Champ de Mars and Jardin de la Tour Eiffel were decorated with tissues representing huge flowers, and which alighted blazed in an endless variety of charming forms and colors, while the spangling in celebration of the vine districts of France were fastened on the illuminated bunches of grapes. The trees on every hand hung with flaming fruits. Chinese colored lanterns filled the intervals between, while the Chateau d'Eau and the fountains of the Water Palace and the Eiffel tower were intensely aflame with electric lights.

Upon this scene of surpassing gayety and beauty soon gathered the world's folk, whence from all earth's varied climes, in the white uniforms, Cossacks of the Don; soldiers of the Imperial guards of Germany; Arabs of the Sahara; Egyptians from the Nile; picturesque natives of the South Seas moved in procession, or jostled in crowds, with the dignified gentlemen of France, fair women, charmingly gowned, priests, monks and nuns, the dainty ladies of the boulevards of Paris, pretty Swiss peasants, helmeted and bearded cuirassiers, and gayly uniformed officers, soldiers and navies from every branch of the French service, by land or sea.

Then, on the day following, we had the vintage festival; an occasion honored by the Kings of Belgium and Greece, with their suites, while the avenue of the Champ de Mars were literally black with people. The procession of vintners formed at the Water Palace, and at 2 o'clock started forward, headed by twenty county constables, with a band of drummers and trumpeters, attired in Greek and Roman costumes. Next came in historic state Silenus and Bacchus, the divinities of the grape, surrounded by seductive Bacchantes, who threw bunches of luscious grapes to the spectators from iron-plated baskets.

The floats were beautiful to behold, that of Bacchus especially so, with decorations of vines and grapes, his majesty being attended by four fawns and twenty priests of Dionysus. The floats representative of foreign vines were nearly all national in design, that of Germany, for example, bearing a striking imitation of an old vine-clad castle on the Rhine.

J. H. VENIER—VOLDO.

The McGovern-Gans Fight.

(By Telegram to Virginian-Pilot.)

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 12.—"All I can say is that I will do my best and the best man will win," said Terry McGovern today, regarding his fight with Joe Gans in Chicago tomorrow night. "I don't want to say anything that I might not be able to make good. I am in the best of condition as you all know here, and there can be no misgiving of that score. I will do my best and the best man will win."

McGovern did a lot of work today but feels very well.

Will Arrest Prizefighters.

(By Telegram to Virginian-Pilot.)

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 12.—Warrants will be served at the ringside in Tattersalls tomorrow evening on principals and promoters of the McGovern-Gans fight. Captain Hayes, of the Thirty-fifth street police station, says Terry McGovern and Joe Gans will be arrested charged with a disturbance of the peace.

Louis M. Housman, the club matchmaker, and Sam Harris, manager of McGovern, will be arrested on the charge of engaging in carrying on a boxing exhibition.

Gans let up in his work this evening, being a pound below weight. He, like McGovern, does not know how he will fight, but says he will gauge his work by Terry. He figures, however, that Terry will catch him at his custom and will be prepared to meet him at his own game. Betting on the result is heavy. The big betters want Terry's end at even, or they will bet 1 to 2 that Terry scores a knockout.

Ticket speculators got their work in early, and those who were unable to secure tickets at the various resorts, where they were placed on sale, fell prey to the scalpers at advanced prices.

BITS OF HUMOR.

Bronson—I see the coal barons raised their men's wages 10 cents, and then raised the price of coal 50 cents.

Grigger—That shows how unselfish they are. Just think what an awful temptation it must have been to raise the wages 20 cents, so that they could be justified in demanding \$1 more for their coal!

G. T. E.

FATE OF AN ISLAND.

The Destruction of Galveston Recalls a Former Tragedy.

Four Hundred of the Best Known People of the South Sent From Merry-making to Death by a Great Wave From the Gulf of Mexico.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

The terrible cyclone that destroyed Galveston Island is not the first calamity of the kind that has occurred in the Mexican Gulf. It vividly recalls an incident that will live in memory for over forty years ago there was a similar calamity in the destruction of Last Island, off the Louisiana coast, by a cyclone, September 12, 1856.

Last Island was a long, low streak of green, bound around the edge with a line of intensely white sand. Seen in those days from the Louisiana mainland, (fifteen miles away, the lower end of the Parish of Lafourche,) and part of the Parish of St. Mary's (the garden of Louisiana) it seemed but a slender bit of green floating upon the bosom of the summer sea. As you draw nearer the lake displayed its charms.

The island proper was about seven miles wide by about twenty-five long. The soil was very rich and highly cultivated. Propinquity brought out as in a delicate photograph all its lines of radiant beauty. Of forest so deep and dense in the far south, there was none. But a few enormous live-oak trees had grown upon the island, and in their weird light of the semi-tropic moon beamed from crown to lowest bough with a long, gray mass of the latitude, they seem like great giants wrapped in their funereal robes, waving their arms aloft as they fled from a coming dread. Beyond these there were no forest trees, as I have said. The island was but one long sand spit (only a few feet above the highest tide level of the sea) covered with ever living green. But it was a very Eden of flowers. The fallen leaves of the live-oak for centuries had created in their decay a bed of rich alluvium, which artificial means had greatly increased. The ever warm air from the further south seas had given to the shrub growth an extraordinary richness of verdure. The orange and lemon trees of the olive, the oleander which in Louisiana is a tree only thirty feet high) all of the tribe of japonicas, and the scented summer hundreds of others unknown here, made the island coruscant with brilliant colored blooms. It seemed that all that was rich and lovely and beautiful in the vegetation of the semi-tropics here found its most congenial home.

In the evening when the sun went down and the warm south wind drifted in from the sea, the air would be heavy with sweet, but unfamiliar, flower odors. You would be enveloped in a very caress of perfume, direct from the heart of the great white Persian jessamine. Ah, the dreary, happy life if that wonderful life in the days of long ago! True it was a watering place, with a most splendid surf bathing on the side next the open sea. But it had none of the garishness of seacoast places of later days. It could have never been like Long Branch or Cape May. To gamblers and games of the half-world Last Island was as difficult as Paradise. It was impossible to pass the Argus eyes of the doyen who watched the gangway of the boat as the passengers came on board for the enchanted life, as for Adam to return to Eden when it was guarded by the angel with the flaming sword.

IN THE EVENING.

The men who gathered there were not strangers to each other, for in Louisiana and then every one who was anybody knew of his social equal. If he was not a personal acquaintance, no matter in what region he lived. So here was a spot, not very much known to the outer world, where could gather, when summer days became long and the dog star raged, the great cotton planters, magnates of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, or the rich, courtly Creole sugar growers from the Bayou Lafourche country or the Cote d'Or or the Mississippi river, and their congeners, the American sugar planters from the Belandias and wealthy, aristocratic Rapides.

ONCE A YEAR.

Once a year the very cream of the countryside gentry from the States I have named, with a sprinkling of wealthy "city men," merchants and factors from New Orleans, a few bankers, popular clergymen from the rich city parishes—who enjoyed good living and believed St. Paul was right when he exhorted Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake—all these people, with their wives and daughters, would congregate at Last Island and eat of the divinest combinations of the French cuisine, produced by cordons, bleus, drink—sparingly generally—of the good, red wines of France—for your old time planter, especially if he was of creole blood, never abused "God's good things"—take daily plunges in the warm surf, and thus decorously enjoy a month of dolce far niente. Never were men more courtly. Never were women lovelier. It was the very paradise of gentle, graceful, courteous attention to beautiful women. Here Cupid was enshrined, for who could resist the witchery of the perfumed summer night or the dark-eyed Creole women? Ah, how often was that sweet old story told there—that old story, but ever new—which Adam first whispered in Eden! And, sometimes, but not often, the scene varied. The men were young then, and the blood of youth ever runs hot. A quick word on the promenade, a jealous look at the ball and early next morning on the sands there would be seen the flash and gleam of the long, slender, tri-colored dueling sword on the broad, hard white beach, or a pair of dueling pistols—a part of every gentleman's personal belongings—would be taken from their mahogany case. A few passes with the steel, and a man would lie prone as his blood reddened the sand, run through the body, or the sharp crack of the dueling pistol and a limp, white-faced body, forever still, would be silently carried back to the hotel. But this was not often. It was the gentle, kindly, harmless courteous life of the master of the monks of Thelma, whose sole injunction was "Fay qui voudras."

A CHARMING SEASON.

The season of 1856 at Last Island was one of the most charming ever known since the famous watering place had been established. Never did brave men and charming women congregate at this charming rendezvous in greater numbers or in a fuller, finer spirit of happiness and hopeful expectation. The season was at its height. Not only was the hotel properly filled, but the dozen or so cottages generally known as the "bachelors' quarters"—were all occupied by as high-bred, as gallant and gay a company of gentlemen as the entire South could show. It was agreed that a greater number of representative Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi men and women had never been gathered together at any Southern watering place. The season had been fortunate in other respects. Thus far none of those morning rendezvous upon the sands, which have been mentioned before, had occurred. The cool, white beach had not known the flash of the colichemarde or the crack of the deadly duelling pistol that season. The Southern women particularly hated these things, but what could they do? Thus far they had escaped any of these horrors, and, for that, gentle hearts full of kindly happiness and good will to all the world, thank God.

APPROACHING DOOM.

The morning of September 10, 1856, was one of almost unearthly loveliness. The sea was sometimes as smooth as translucent glass, now as green as an emerald, then sapphire-hued. Its surface was covered with a faint, misty haze. Its loveliness was supernatural. The fishing boats in sight seemed like green swans, and sea birds trailing their wings as they sailed in the morning sunbeams. They were softened in the semi-mist delicately vaporized to an ethereal beauty. Toward the mainland the forest visible seemed gray and veiled in diaphanous, nebulous vapor. But it was early then and the sun had scarcely had time to drive away the ghostly gray fog (blended with that green haze) from the great Lafourche marshes lying along the coast. As the sun rose higher the sea mist vanished. But such a day as it was! The thermometric measurement of September in Louisiana is not greatly different in its altitude of heat from that of New York or Washington. This day, however, there was such a down-pour of solar warmth that the island was almost burning. Gentle puffs of wind from the sea, the soft, warm, and turned it into opalescent green. But the cooling sea breezes reviving and refreshing all living things, did not come. The day was uncomfortable. Men wandered about listlessly. Politics—it was the great Know-Nothing year, yet talked of in Louisiana political annals—even ceased to charm. In the air there was a stillness as though the world were waiting and waiting in silence, baleful, mysterious, ominous. The sunset that evening frightened the timid souls. It went down in the west, and the sky red as vermilion, an angry sun, and left the Occident blazing across the waves as though a great dragon had been slain. All that night the Dago fishermen (a curious, superstitious class, half Spanish-Italian and half creole, taking to the waves like sea gulls) heard out at sea strange sounds, means as though some supernatural being was in awful agony. The morning of the 11th was like that of the previous day. Toward night there came up a terrible thunder storm. The thunder was unlike that of the northern dash of storm as a firecracker is to the crack and roar of a 6-inch gun. The dweller on the mainland and the Teche and Lafourche planters had never before seen such lightning. It flashed from the zenith to the eastern and western horizon in great broad green, purple and flamed-covered bands of electric blaze a degree in width. And after each awful crash, that almost rent the air, a lurid light would be seen distinctly sulphurous in appearance. In the air, toward the morning of the 12th the thunder and lightning ceased but the rain continued, and the wind grew stronger from the southwest. The sailboats of the frightened fishermen light flying before the wind for secure landings in the safe streams and waters of cheniere caminada.

THE LAST BALL.

There was to be at the principal hotel that evening the grand ball of the season, for it was to be the last. The band of the French Opera House was there from New Orleans, then unequalled for its music in America. There were no wind instruments except the cornets. There were flutes and stiller sweet sound producers, and others were strings. The ball room was distant from the main hotel perhaps twenty yards, and was reached by a covered way, elevated to the level of both buildings. It was built very near the shore, and upon a rock pillars six feet above the surface of the earth. The hotel was constructed in the same fashion so that the breezes could blow under both edifices and produce better ventilation. Broad, wide piazzas surrounded the ball room on three sides upon which doors opened so that after each dance on the ball, a turn in promenading on the gallery and enjoy the coolness of the fresh night breeze from the sea. The piazzas were about 100 feet long by 80 wide. Around the ball room were two rows of chairs, and the usual dressing rooms were in high halls, the exterior of the hotel of the ball room. The buildings were lighted with gas. So much in the way of description. Toward noon of the 12th the sun shone out for an hour, but it was a dull, orange-hued orb, surrounded by a yellow misty haze that could not be dispelled. As night came on the sky was covered with a cloud of the deepest blackness. There, from a new of the vivid sheet lightning, but no thunder. The sea was in such agitation as the oldest present had never before seen. Great, brilliant lights blazed from the waves as they were rolled in by the tremendous southwest wind. Deep phosphorescent fires, incandescent in serpentine forms, were seen rising from the waves like shadowy monsters. And most terrible of all, there was distinctly audible at intervals in the blackness and gloom an unearthly moan from the depths of the sea. The women became seriously frightened, and the men realized that nature was in one of her most tempestuous and marvelous moods. Still, no one anticipated any real danger. There had been great storms before. This was but the beginning of the equinoctial blow. The room was lighted. There was nothing to do but to go to the dance. Women clothed themselves for the evening's ball, aided by deft-handed maids, but with hearts ill at ease. Other thoughts than those of conquest were filling their souls with dread of what might come. But they would go; perhaps the gay dresses, the brilliant lights, the soft, sweet dance music might drive away the "ague fears" that oppressed their souls.

A DESTRUCTIVE WAVE.

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Dr. Bull's

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Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.

IS SURE

Salvage Oil cures Rheumatism, 15 & 25 cts.

BERKLEY NEWS AND ADVERTISEMENTS

A MARRIAGE.

Miss Lucy Scott the Bride of Mr. Harry Keeling.

The Town Council Orders Advertisement For Bids For \$40,000 Improvement Bonds The Steamer Hampton Roads Disabled Yesterday Brief Mention.

Quite a charming event yesterday afternoon was the wedding of Miss Lucy Browning Scott and Harry W. Keeling, which took place at St. Paul's Episcopal church at 5 o'clock. The church was beautifully decorated with evergreens, palms and other potted plants. The rostrum and chancel rail were a bower of beauty.

An arch-way of ivy encircled the rostrum at the foot of the aisle, under which were pronounced the words that made the contracting parties man and wife.

Rev. Robert Gatewood, rector of the church, assisted by Rev. C. B. Bryan, of St. John's Episcopal church, Hampton, performed the ceremony.

The bride, preceded by the ushers and her maid, Mrs. W. S. Grimalds, entered on the arm of her father, Mr. R. B. Scott, and were met at the altar by the groom and his best man, Mr. Percy A. Smith.

The bride was attired in a beautiful brown tailor-made gown, with hat and gloves to correspond, and carried white bride's roses.

The groom was attired in a handsome suit, with a white shirt and some purple bow-tie, with black hat and black gloves, and carried pink bride's roses. The bridegroom, his best man and the ushers wore cut-away coats and white ties.

The ushers were Messrs. George D. Parker, Jr., J. B. Morgan, Arthur Lancaster, Frank McCoy, Claude White and Dr. J. A. Proctor.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Keeling received the congratulations and best wishes of their most intimate friends and left immediately for a Northern tour of several days.

Miss Scott is the popular and charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Scott, her father an ex-mayor of Berkeley. She is a teacher of the Berkeley graded schools, in which position she has been for seven years. Mr. Keeling is a son of Mayor and Mrs. M. C. Keeling, and is bookkeeper for a well-known firm in Norfolk.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of handsome, costly and useful gifts.

On their return Mr. and Mrs. Keeling will reside at Chestnut and Washington streets.

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

At a called meeting of the Town Council, held last night, with Messrs. Whistone, chairman; Robertson, Balle, Shafer, Jacobs, Williams, Bland and Sumner present, a resolution of the finance committee to advertise for bids for the purchase of \$40,000 5 per cent. thirty-year general town improvement bonds was unanimously adopted.

The recorder was instructed to advertise for bids February 1st 1901. About \$18,000 or \$20,000 will be used in constructing a gravitation sewerage in the town, beginning at the Chestnut street ferry dock and extending it to Sixth or Eighth streets. The remainder will be expended in continuing the street improvements now in progress.

The upper portion of the town, where the proposed sewerage will stop, will be severed out of another issue of bonds which will be attempted as soon as the State Legislature meets. The issue authorized last night reaches the limit fixed by the Legislature.

THE HAMPTON ROADS DISABLED.

The Old Dominion steamer Hampton Roads, while coming into the harbor yesterday afternoon, struck a sunken log or some other obstacle and broke one of the flanges of her propeller. As a result she was disabled on the Southern Branch marine railway. Captain Stiff, of Suffolk, was in charge of the steamer at the time of the accident. The stockholders of the O. D. S. Co. have the Ocracoke in use making their annual inspection and are on

broken by the constant broad flashes of lightning and phosphorescent blaze of the sea. A terrible white blow, with torrents of slanting rain that was as warm as newly drawn champagne, was playing one of Gottschalk's sweetest dreamy waltzes (he was a Louisiana, you know), "Creole Eyes," when a girl screamed. Her white satin bottle had been wetted by water coming up through the floor! Terror then beset all. A rush was made for the hotel. But the water was not gone. It had been carried off by a great wave of the raging sea! Mothers had left their little children asleep in the other houses. How should they get to them? It was utterly impossible, unless one had wings, to pass through the tossing, boiling flood of maddened sea that rolled over the heads of the terrified, followed no living tongue could ever tell. But about midnight a strange sea moan that became a roar grew nearer and louder, until it was like 10,000 thundering Niagara. It was a tidal wave, 1,000 miles long, 16 miles wide and 60 feet high. And as it rolled resistless, hotel, ball room, all—all was swallowed up in the maw of the pitiless sea. Men, women and little ones were parted never again to meet until that fatal day, "when the sea shall give up its dead!"

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

Such a tragedy had never been known before in the nation's history. Nothing was left of the lovely Isle but a few broken brick pillars to mark where life and beauty had died so awfully a death. For weeks patrol boats along the mainland shore found nothing but dead bodies. In one instance the corpse of a lady in the last putrescent stages was identified by nearly \$50,000 worth of diamonds she had worn that fatal night. Think of the ghastliness of it. The only two survivors were a strong, powerful negro, who blindly caught on to a door that was floating by and was carried into the mainland, and the other was a tiny girl baby, not more than 18 months old, had been placed upon a billiard table, which floated, and there she was found on the Lafourche shore forty-eight hours after the storm. Nearly every household in southern Louisiana was in mourning, for 450 adults were lost. How helpless we are when Old Nature looses her awful mystic force and turns upon man!

Declines President's Offer.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Hon. Joseph Manley, of Maine, has declined the President's proffer of the office of commissioner of internal revenue.

the North Carolina sounds. The Hampton Roads will be launched this morning and will go out this afternoon.

TOLD IN A PARAGRAPH.

The Sunday school chapel on Second street of the Memorial M. E. Church will be dedicated this morning at 7:30 o'clock. The program, as formerly published, will be carried out.

The Berkley Cottillon Club gave another delightful hop at Pythian Hall last evening. It was in every particular a very enjoyable affair and did credit to the committee of arrangements.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors, held Tuesday, Dr. L. L. Sawyer,